

*Abb.* I Sir, a Mifterie.

*Clo.* Painting Sir, I haue heard say, is a Mifterie; and your Whores fir, being members of my occupation, v-  
fing painting, do proue my Occupation, a Mifterie: but  
what Mifterie there should be in hanging, if I should  
be hang'd, I cannot imagine.

*Abb.* Sir, it is a Mifterie.

*Clo.* Prooffe.

*Abb.* Euerie true mans apparrell fits your Theefe.

*Clo.* If it be too little for your theefe, your true man  
thinks it bigge enough. If it bee too bigge for your  
Theefe, your Theefe thinks it little enough: So euerie  
true mans apparrell fits your Theefe.

*Enter Prouost.*

*Pro.* Are you agreed?

*Clo.* Sir, I will ferue him: For I do finde your Hang-  
man is a more penitent Trade then your Bawd: he doth  
ofner aske forgiuenesse.

*Pro.* You sirrah, prouide your blocke and your Axe  
to morrow, foure a clocke.

*Abb.* Come on (Bawd) I will instruct thee in my  
Trade: follow.

*Clo.* I do desire to learne sir: and I hope, if you haue  
occasion to vse me for your owne turne, you shall finde  
me yare. For truly sir, for your kindnesse, I owe you a  
good turne.

*Exit*

*Pro.* Call hether *Barnardine* and *Claudio*:  
Th'one has my pitie; not a jot the other,  
Being a Murtherer, though he were my brother.

*Enter Claudio.*

*Looke,* here's the Warrant *Claudio*, for thy death,

'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to morrow  
Thou must be made immortal. Where's *Barnardine*?

*Clo.* As fast lock'd vp in sleepe, as guiltlesse labour,  
When it lies starkely in the Trauellers bones,  
He will not wake.

*Pro.* Who can do good on him?  
Well, go, prepare your selfe. But harke, what noise?  
Heauen giue your spirits comfort: by, and by,  
I hope it is some pardon, or repreeue  
For the most gentle *Claudio*. Welcome Father.

*Enter Duke.*

*Duke.* The best, and wholsomst spirits of the night,  
Inuollop you, good Prouost: who call'd heere of late?

*Pro.* None since the Curphew rung.

*Duke.* Not *Isabell*?

*Pro.* No.

*Duke.* They will then er't be long.

*Pro.* What comfort is for *Claudio*?

*Duke.* There's some in hope.

*Pro.* It is a bitter Deputie.

*Duke.* Not so, not so: his life is paralel'd  
Euen with the stroke and line of his great Iustice:  
He doth with holie abstinence subdue  
That in himselfe, which he spurres on his powre  
To qualifie in others: were he meal'd with that  
Which he corrects, then were he tyrannous,  
But this being so, he's iust. Now are they come.  
This is a gentle Prouost, sildome when  
The steeld Gaoler is the friend of men:  
How now? what noise? That spirit's posselt with haft,  
That wounds th'vnfisting Postern with these strokes.

*Pro.* There he must stay vntil the Officer  
Arise to let him in: he is call'd vp.

*Duke.* Haue you no countermand for *Claudio* yet?

But he must die to morrow?

*Pro.* None Sir, none.

*Duke.* As neere the dawning Prouost, as it is,  
You shall heare more ere Morning.

*Pro.* Happely

You something know: yet I beleeeue there comes  
No countermand: no such example haue we:  
Besides, vpon the verie siege of Iustice,  
Lord *Angelo* hath to the publike eare  
Profest the contrarie.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Duke.* This is his Lords man.

*Pro.* And heere comes *Claudio's* pardon.

*Mess.* My Lord hath sent you this note,  
And by mee this further charge;  
That you swerue not from the smallest Article of it,  
Neither in time, matter, or other circumstance.  
Good morrow: for as I take it, it is almost day.

*Pro.* I shall obey him.

*Duke.* This is his Pardon purchas'd by such sin,  
For which the Pardon himselfe is in:  
Hence hath offence his quicke celeritie,  
When it is borne in high Authority.  
When Vice makes Mercie; Mercie's so extended,  
That for the faults loue, is th'offender friended.  
Now Sir, what newes?

*Pro.* I told you:

Lord *Angelo* (be-like) thinking me remisse  
In mine Office, awakens mee  
With this vnwonted putting on, methinks strangely:  
For he hath not vs'd it before.

*Duke.* Pray you let's heare.

*The Letter.*

Whatsoeuer you may heare to the contrary, let *Claudio* be ex-  
ecuted by foure of the clocke, and in the afternoone *Barnar-  
dine*: For my better satisfaction, let mee haue *Claudius*  
bead sent me by five. Let this be duely performed with a  
thought that more depends on it, then we must yet deliuer.  
Thus faile not to doe your Office, as you will answere it at  
your perill.

What say you to this Sir?

*Duke.* What is that *Barnardine*, who is to be execu-  
ted in th'afternoone?

*Pro.* A Bohemian borne: But here nurst vp & bred,  
One that is a prisoner nine yeeres old.

*Duke.* How came it, that the absent Duke had not  
either deliuer'd him to his libertie, or executed him? I  
haue heard it was euer his manner to do so.

*Pro.* His friends still wrought Repreeues for him:  
And indeed his fact till now in the gouernment of Lord  
*Angelo*, came not to an vndoubtfull prooffe.

*Duke.* It is now apparant?

*Pro.* Most manifest, and not denied by himselfe.

*Duke.* Hath he borne himselfe penitently in prison?  
How seemes he to be touch'd?

*Pro.* A man that apprehends death no more dread-  
fully, but as a drunken sleepe, carelesse, wreacklesse, and  
searelesse of what's past, present, or to come: insensible  
of mortality, and desperately mortall.

*Duke.* He wants aduice.

*Pro.* He will heare none: he hath euermore had the li-  
berty of the prison: giue him leaue to escape hence, hee  
would not. Drunke many times a day, if not many daies  
entirely drunke. We haue verie oft awak'd him, as if to  
carrie him to execution, and shew'd him a seeming war-  
rant for it, it hath not moued him at all.

*Duke.*

*Duke.* More of him anon: There is written in your  
brow Prouost, honesty and constancie; if I reade it nor  
truly, my ancient skill beguiles me: but in the boldnes  
of my cunning, I will lay my selfe in hazard: *Claudio*,  
whom heere you haue warrant to execute, is no greater  
forfeit to the Law, then *Angelo* who hath sentenc'd him.  
To make you vnderstand this in a manifested effect, I  
crave but foure daies respite: for the which, you are to  
do me both a present, and a dangerous courtesie.

*Pro.* Pray Sir, in what?

*Duke.* In the delaying death.

*Pro.* Alacke, how may I do it: Having the houre li-  
mited, and an expresse command, vnder penaltie, to de-  
liuer his head in the view of *Angelo*? I may make my  
case as *Claudio's*, to crosse this in the smallest.

*Duke.* By the vow of mine Order, I warrant you,  
If my instructions may be your guide,  
Let this *Barnardine* be this morning executed,  
And his head borne to *Angelo*.

*Pro.* *Angelo* hath sent me both,  
And will discouer the fauour.

*Duke.* Oh, death's a great disguiser, and you may  
adde to it; Shave the head, and tie the beard, and say it  
was the desire of the penitent to be so bar'd before his  
death: you know the course is common. If any thing  
fall to you vpon this, more then thanks and good for-  
tune, by the Saint whom I professe, I will plead against  
it with my life.

*Pro.* Pardon me, good Father, it is against my oath.

*Duke.* Were you sworne to the Duke, or to the De-  
putie?

*Pro.* To him, and to his Substitutes.

*Duke.* You will thinke you haue made no offence, if  
the Duke auouch the iustice of your dealing?

*Pro.* But what likelihood is in that?

*Duke.* Not a resemblance, but a certainty; yet since  
I see you fearfull, that neither my coate, integrity, nor  
perswasion, can with ease attempt you, I wil go further  
then I meant, to plucke all feares out of you. Looke  
you Sir, heere is the hand and Seale of the Duke: you  
know the Character I doubt not, and the Signet is not  
strange to you?

*Pro.* I know them both.

*Duke.* The Contents of this, is the returne of the  
Duke; you shall anon ouer-reade it at your pleasure:  
where you shall finde within these two daies, he will be  
heere. This is a thing that *Angelo* knowes not, for hee  
this very day receiues letters of strange tenor, perchance  
of the Dukes death, perchance entering into some Mor-  
nasterie, but by chance nothing of what is writ. Looke,  
th'vnfolding Starre calles vp the Shepheard; put not  
your selfe into amazement, how these things should be;  
all difficulties are but easie vwhen they are knowne. Call  
your executioner, and off with *Barnardines* head: I will  
giue him a present shrift, and aduise him for a better  
place. Yet you are amaz'd, but this shall absolutely re-  
solue you: Come away, it is almost cleere dawne. *Exit.*

### Scena Tertia.

*Enter Clowne.*

*Clo.* I am as well acquainted heere, as I was in our  
house of profession: one would thinke it were Mistris

*Over-dons* owne house, for heere be manie of her olde  
Customers. First, here's yong Mr *Rash*, hee's in for a  
commoditie of browne paper, and olde Ginger, nine  
score and seuentene pounds, of which hee made fine  
Markes readie money: marrie then, Ginger was not  
much in request, for the olde Women were all dead.  
Then is there heere one Mr *Caper*, at the suite of Master  
*Three-Pile* the Mercer, for some foure suites of Peach-  
colour'd Satten, which now peaches him a beggar.  
Then haue we heere, yong *Dixie*, and yong Mr *Deepe-  
vow*, and Mr *Copperpurse*, and Mr *Starue-Lackey* the Ra-  
pier and dagger man, and yong *Drop-herre* that kild lu-  
stie Pudding, and Mr *Forthlight* the Tilter, and braue Mr  
*Shootie* the great Traueller, and wilde *Halfe-Canne* that  
stab'd Potts, and I thinke fortie more, all great doers in  
our Trade, and are now for the Lords sake.

*Enter Abhorson.*

*Abb.* Sirrah, bring *Barnardine* hether.

*Clo.* Mr *Barnardine*, you must rise and be hang'd,  
Mr *Barnardine*.

*Abb.* What hoa *Barnardine*.

*Barnardine within.*

*Bar.* A pox o' your throats: who makes that noyse  
there? What are you?

*Clo.* Your friends Sir, the Hangman:

You must be so good Sir to rise, and be put to death.

*Bar.* Away you Rogue, away, I am sleepeie.

*Abb.* Tell him he must awake,

And that quickly too.

*Clo.* Pray Master *Barnardine*, awake till you are ex-  
ecuted, and sleepe afterwards.

*Ab.* Go in to him, and fetch him out.

*Clo.* He is coming Sir, he is coming: I heare his  
Straw ruffle.

*Enter Barnardine.*

*Abb.* Is the Axe vpon the blocke, sirrah?

*Clo.* Verie readie Sir.

*Bar.* How now *Abhorson*?

What's the newes vwith you?

*Abb.* Truly Sir, I would desire you to clap into your  
prayers: for looke you, the Warrants come.

*Bar.* You Rogue, I haue bin drinking all night,  
I am not fitted for't.

*Clo.* Oh, the better Sir: for he that drinks all night,  
and is hanged betimes in the morning, may sleepe the  
sunder all the next day.

*Enter Duke.*

*Abb.* Looke you Sir, heere comes your ghostly Fa-  
ther: do weiest now thinke you?

*Duke.* Sir, induced by my charitie, and hearing how  
hastily you are to depart, I am come to aduise you,  
Comfort you, and pray with you.

*Bar.* Friar, not I: I haue bin drinking hard all night,  
and I will haue more time to prepare mee, or they shall  
beat out my braines with billers: I will not consent to  
die this day, that's certaine.

*Duke.* Oh sir, you must: and therefore I beseech you  
Looke forward on the iournie you shall go.

*Bar.* I sweare I will not die to day for anie mans per-  
swasion.

*Duke.* But heare you:

*Bar.* Not a word; if you haue anie thing to say to me,  
come to my Ward: for thence will not I to day.

*Exit*

*Enter Prouost.*

*Duke.* Vnfit to liue, or die: oh grauell heart,

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After